Ye Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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A Song for Easter Morning.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
On Easter morning early?
See, they bloom on all the hills,
Breaking through the tender green!
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
Violets fringe the laughing rills,
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
Dandelion's golden sheen
Wakens at the robin's voice,
In the dawnlight pearly!
Ah, the sweet world surely knows
Christ, the Flower of earth, arose
On Easter morning early!

Why are all the birds so gay
On Easter morning early?
Hark, the gladsome chorus swells
O'er the fields afar and near;
Sounds the bluebird's silver cry,
Thrushes pipe in mossy dells,
Blackbirds trill their message clear,
Darting swallows cleave the sky,
Meadow-larks, with joyous lay,
Greet the dawnlight pearly!
Ah, the glad world surely knows
Christ, the Joy of earth, arose
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad
On Easter morning early?
When the first sweet morning light
Blushes through the shadowy gray,
Open myriad happy eyes;
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
Like dew-laden lilies rise;
Hearts that harbor nothing sad,
Soaring, track His heavenward way,
In the dawnlight pearly!
Sing, O children! all earth knows
Christ, the children's King, arose
On Easter morning early!

—*Selected.*

To bear is to conquer fate.—*Campbell.*

"Look Up, Not Down."

"DO you really think, mother, that He'll give me any thing to do?"

"Certainly, Harry, God is faithful, and has promised that our bread and water shall be sure. It is not like my boy to be down-hearted. What is the reason?"

"O nothing, but I'm just tired out going up and down the streets hunting for work! It seems as if we are just bound to starve!"

"O we're not quite so bad off as that, Harry. I have got a little money, and we will have enough to eat as long as I can work."

"But that's the worst of it, mother! You're hardly able to sit up, and here am I, a great big fellow, doing nothing, while you work for the food we eat! I can't stand it any longer, I declare I can't!" and Harry walked rapidly up and down the little room a few minutes, and then throwing himself on a seat by the window buried his face in his hands.

"Harry," said his mother, presently, in almost a whisper, "look up, not down."

A bitter answer almost came from Harry's lips; he choked it back, and resisting that temptation made him feel better, for when we try to do right, even in the smallest degree, the Holy Spirit helps our infirmities, and sends peace to our troubled hearts.

Only an hour after, Harry was able to say with his usual happy face, from which all traces of discouragement had gone, "Good-bye, mother, I'm 'most sure I'll find work this time."

But he did not. Many long weeks passed, during which Harry returned to his home at night foot-sore and weary, without any hope of work. But never again did he yield to discouragement,

or speak in such a manner about his want of success. If any one had said one year ago that Harry Wentworth would be tramping the streets day after day in search of work, Harry would have declared him a false prophet, but one year had changed many things in Harry's life. First, his father, good Doctor Wentworth, had died, and though he had much treasure laid up in heaven, he left none on earth for his wife and son, save the gratitude of those whom he had helped. Then, as there was no way by which Mrs. Wentworth could support them in their little village, she and Harry moved to a neighboring city, not a great place like New York or Philadelphia, only an inland town that had expanded its borders, and delighted to be recognized as the "city of ——."

Here Mrs. Wentworth hired two rooms, and after plainly furnishing them by means of her small capital, tried to find work. First she had a few music scholars, but not enough to pay expenses, and her little capital rapidly decreased. At last, after trying many things for which her strength proved insufficient, she took Harry out of school, hoping that he would get work, while she sewed all day long for the stores.

To tell all the things Harry tried to get to do during these weeks would be tiresome, but at last one evening, just as he concluded he must again go home unsuccessful, he saw a man place in the window of a large store a sign bearing these words:

"Cash boy wanted."

"O, dear Lord, do, do please give me this chance!" whispered Harry, "looking up" in accordance with the spirit of his motto, as he entered the store in haste.

"I've got a place, mother, and a good one!" he shouted, as he opened the door of their room, for their two rooms had been exchanged for one in a poorer part of the city.

"Two dollars and a half a week just for being cash boy. I'm 'Cash Three' from now on. Now you won't have to work so hard, or use up the rest of your money, will you, mother?" he exclaimed, all in one breath.

His mother seemed to be praying, but said nothing.

Alarmed at her quiet and extreme paleness, Harry sprang to her side, while she tried to smile and rejoice with her boy, but burst into tears, saying, when she could control herself, "God is good, dear Harry, to let you get work in time, for I can do no more, and our money is almost gone."

Harry was shocked to see how changed his mother looked, and persuaded her to lie down, but when she tried to walk to the bed all her strength seemed to have left her. Harry wanted to go for a doctor, but his mother said, feebly,

"No, no, Harry, we cannot afford it. Push my chair close to the bedside, and help me to undress. I will soon be better. I think it is the heat."

"Have you ever been so before, mother?" Harry asked, anxiously.

"Yes, Harry, a number of times since the weather grew so warm, but I'll soon be better now."

The next morning Mrs. Wentworth was able to get up, and Harry went to his work, but daily she grew weaker until the unwelcome truth had to be acknowledged that she was really sick. Harry did all he could for her comfort, but could hardly obey the words she whispered to him as he left her each morning to be gone until night, "Look up, my boy, not down."

At last there came a day when the last of their reserve fund was given for rent, and then one article after another disappeared from the room on Saturday night, until there was a bare floor, his mother's bed and chair, and an old stove that had taken the place of the former good one. But still his mother smiled when her boy left, and bade him "Look up."

A certain Tuesday, as Harry said "good-bye," he thought his mother looked worse than usual, and resolved to hurry home that night, but was obliged to carry a package after store hours instead. He passed fine houses on the way where the gas was just being lighted, and he could see preparation through the unclosed windows for bountiful suppers, and two lines of a poem in his school reader kept repeating themselves in his tired brain, and applying itself to him and his mother:

"'O isn't it pitiful
That in a whole cityful'

of homes with plenty in them to eat, mother and I should be so hungry! but I'll look up, not down, so help me, Lord."

But almost before the thought with its prayer was framed in his mind, the troublesome jingle would be there repeating itself over and over.

"1102" was the number on the bundle, and he confused the act of looking up above the doors with the motto that he was trying to keep in his

heart, and went a whole block beyond the house before he discovered his mistake. Wearily he retraced his steps, and rang the bell at the door. Weak and faint from hunger he leaned against the pillar of the porch waiting, and while waiting took comfort in his motto, and looked to God for help; and that blessed Spirit that loves to suggest comforting thoughts, brought some of Jesus' own loving words to his remembrance, and he felt quite happy while saying, "Let not your heart be troubled," in the old way he had of talking to himself. Then the door was opened, the lady who had bought the goods was summoned, and Harry stood all the long time before she came, saying to himself, "Let not your heart be troubled."

At last he could hold out his order book and say, "Please sign your name here, ma'am." But his eyes grew dim, and as his finger wandered helplessly up and down the page, his body swayed from side to side as he tried to keep from falling.

"Here, John, Ellen, Bridget, some of you come quick! the boy is fainting!" screamed the lady, as she led him to a seat.

But Harry did not faint, though he lost consciousness enough not to know where he was. He thought the kind face bending over him was some one God had sent, and he smiled, unconscious of any feeling but one of perfect dreamy peace, and said, softly, "'Let not your heart be troubled.' He said that, and I'm not."

But almost at the same moment his dreamy fancies vanished, and he remembered where he was, and the thought of his mother made him start up to go to her.

"Don't rise," said the lady, laying her hand on his shoulder, "drink this," holding to his lips a cup of coffee.

Harry drank it quickly, and as she still sought to detain him, said, "O don't keep me; my mother is sick, and I ought to have been home an hour ago."

"Where does your mother live?" she asked.

"Why, my boy," she replied, as he told her, "you can never walk that far when you are so faint! Let me give you some supper first, and then I'll send you home in the carriage. You'll get there just as soon as if you walked now," she added, as he began to protest, and, telling him to follow her, she led the way to the dining-room, where the table was already set for supper.

While Harry ate, the lady talked so kindly that Harry told her all his troubles, reproaching himself for ever saying that "no one in a whole city full of people cared if he and his mother starved."

"Do you know, Harry," said Mrs. Moore, for so she had introduced herself, "that you are a younger brother of mine? for I heard you say, as you fainted, the words our Elder Brother left us, 'Let not your heart be troubled.'"

"I said that because I was trying to 'look up,' and not be worried."

"I know, Harry, and he wants me to help keep you from being troubled so much. I think I can find work that will pay you better than being a cash boy. If you think as I do, that our Elder Brother will be pleased if I help you, and that he wants us to be friends, 'give me thy hand,' as the man of old said;" and Mrs. Moore reached out her hand to Harry, who grasped it in both his own, too grateful that he had found a friend to question any plans she had for his benefit, even being thankful for the basket of nice food that was placed in the carriage when he left the house, though a few months before he would have felt mortified and ashamed.

This new friend proved true and helpful, and brought other friends of the same spirit, so that by the time Mrs. Wentworth had recovered her strength, which change of scene and wholesome food brought about sooner than would seem possible, there were open doors of usefulness for her in ways to which she had been trained, while Harry found work in Mr. Moore's office out of school hours, more profitable than running all day long to the call of "Cash Three."—*S. S. Advocate.*

What Can I Do?

Ask your own conscience these questions, and let it give to them an honest reply:

Are there no poor whom I can help?
None blind to whom I can read?
None sad whom I can cheer?
None sinful for whom I can pray?

Why should we not thus anxiously try to help and do good to one another?

The Lord Jesus has said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And he has spoken these words: "Love one another as I have loved you."

HEARTS are flowers; they remain open to the light-falling dew, but shut up in the violent down-pour of rain.

LOSING CHANCES.

For the Myrtle.

Losing Chances.

Whatever might happen,
If I were a boy
I'd make up my mind
That I would not annoy
My teachers at school.

I would strive very hard,
I would grapple with fate,
And I'd bend every energy
Not to be late
Or to break my rule.

For I know that a boy
Who begins his life so,
Will be always in trouble
Wherever he go,
To life's latest day.

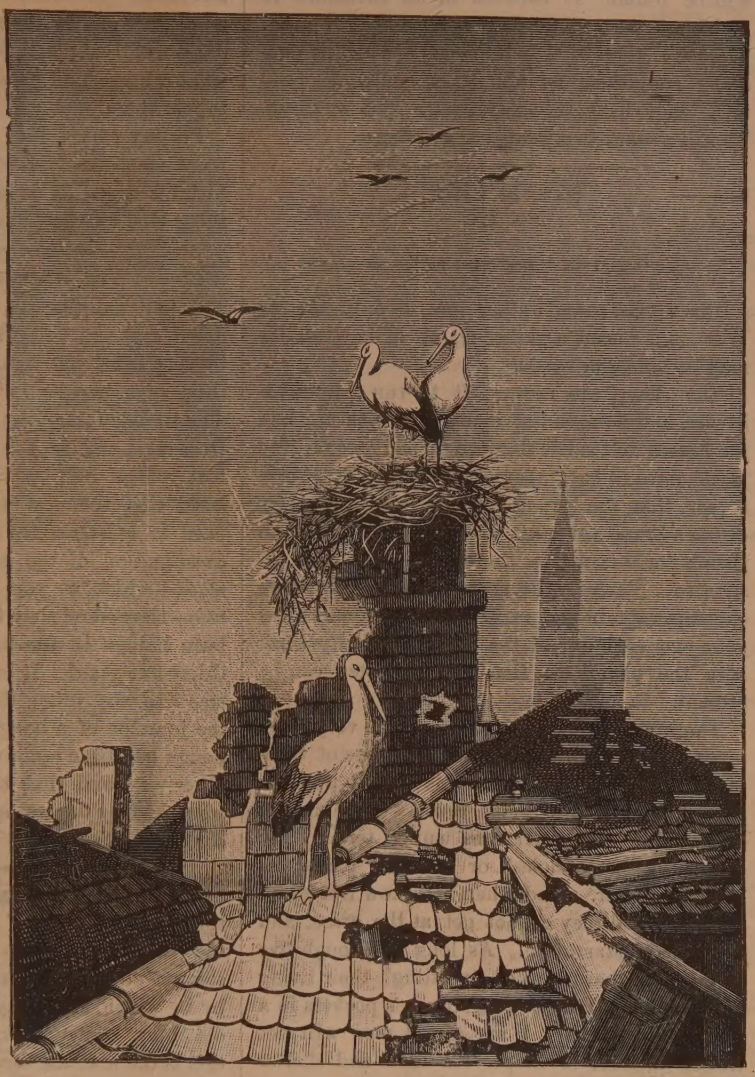
He will lose his own chances,
And make his friends
Wait,
And find many pleasures,
By being so late,
Have vanished away.

E. M. B.

EVERY teacher in the Sabbath-school has a duty to the school as a whole, as well as a duty to his particular scholars. The school does not belong to him, but he does belong to the school. In the opening and closing exercises, in the teachers' weekly meeting for lesson-study, in the united planning and doing of the school for its scholars, each teacher has a place and a part. If he fails there, he is not faithful to his duties as a teacher in that school. It is not enough to be faithful to one's class; one must be faithful to one's fellow-teachers, to one's superintendent, and to one's school, in order to be a really good Sabbath-school teacher.

Golden Deeds.

What is a golden deed? It is something which we do when we think more of others than of ourselves. And it is called golden because the rarest and most precious things in all the world are the acts of unselfish men.



The Stork Family.

IN several countries of Europe it is thought a harbinger of good when the storks come to build on the house-top.

The people try to induce these birds to come and live near them by putting boxes on the roofs, and happy is thought the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork.

In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital

will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions—until they have regained health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offense.

Prairie Life.

No. IX.

THE "ROUND-UPS."

The word "round-up" is one used in the far West, and means a gathering up of animals—it may be horses or cattle.

The sheep are never left to run without a herder, and no round-up is needed for them. But the horses and cattle that are turned loooe on the plains have to be gathered together at least once a year, that the young creatures may have their owner's brand (or mark of ownership) put upon them; for this reason the spring round-up is instituted. Early in the spring the cattle owners choose a captain and mark out the ground to be gone over each day of the round-up, and publish it in the papers so that all interested can be present.

The branding of the cattle seems a very cruel proceeding; in truth, the whole business of turning cattle loose upon the plains to pick up their own living or die, seems cruel. Often in the winter the poor creatures suffer terribly for water, the "water-holes" or drinking places being frozen over. And when the snow freezes on to the ground they cannot get at the grass, and some die of starvation. As long as enough live through the hardships of "rustling" their living to bring money in to their owner's pockets in a satisfactory manner, I am afraid men will not trouble themselves to provide food and shelter for their animals in the winter.

It is a sight worth seeing—thousands of cattle brought together on the broad plain, and the cow-boys riding at a break-neck pace on their little bronchos and "holding" the cattle. So expert are the cow-boys with their lariats that they will catch by one leg a steer running at full speed. The moment the well-trained pony feels the rope jerk, he will set back, and as the rope is fastened to his saddle-horn, he will hold the prostrate creature while his rider burns the brand on to his side. In the fall they have the "beef round-up." The purpose of this is to enable the owners to pick out their fat cattle that they may sell them. It would not be safe for a person to go on foot among the wild cattle; he would be in danger of being attacked by them. They know what a horse and rider mean, and have learned to fear them.

For my part I like much better to own no more creatures than can be cared for in a comfortable way. It is wrong to cruelly treat any thing God has put into our care. H. H. D.

An Imprisoned Nest.

A few months ago a large elm-tree was cut down, and was being sawn into planks, when in its very heart was found a bird's-nest, containing three eggs, in color white, with small brown spots. The shells of the eggs were quite soft, as though from age, and as the trunk of the tree was six feet and a half in circumference, it was calculated that the nest and its contents must have been in existence for a long period. Indeed, an examination of the several rings or layers of wood—which, as you know, prove the age of a tree—showed clearly that the eggs must have been hidden in the heart of the elm for quite thirty-five years. It is supposed that when the tree was very young the parent birds had built at the junction of a bough with the trunk, that this bough had been removed by the wind, or in some other way, and that the natural growth of the wood had by degrees surrounded the nest and its contents.—*Sel.*

When Solomon said that "there is no new thing under the sun," he did not mean to affirm that there could be no new combinations of substances already existing. Scarcely a week goes by in which some ingenious body does not put old things to new uses. A recent illustration of this is the manufacture of lumber from the pulp of wheat, rye, and other vegetable fabrics, combined with some sort of a chemical cement. The mixture is formed in layers, perhaps a quarter of an inch in thickness, and then pressed together by powerful machinery, making it as hard as the hardest wood, and much more dense. It takes a high polish, is waterproof, does not warp, can be sawed, split, or planed, and boards made of it are free from knots. Moreover, it takes natural lumber years to grow, but this artificial kind can be produced in a single season.—*Sel.*

It is not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

Sermon.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Matt.* vii. 12.

"I wonder how many of us really do this," said Lucy, as Andrew slowly repeated the text, in answer to the question of Mary: "What was your sermon about to-day?"

"Not many of us as fully as we ought to do," Andrew replied. "The sermon to-day has set me thinking about this in a new light."

"What do you mean, Andrew?"

"Just this: We are more willing, all of us, to do unto others as we would have them do to us in the active duties of life than we are in the passive."

"What do you mean now?"

"I mean that the sermon to-day has waked me up to know that I would be more likely to go half a mile out of my way to oblige any one who was suffering, or one who in any way needed a favor, than I would to help them by any act of self-denial which might not be so openly seen or known of men."

"I don't think I wholly understand you yet, Andrew."

"Well I can make my meaning plainer by telling you a story that our minister told us to-day. He said the same thing that I have been saying. Nine men will give you a dollar if you are in need, but the tenth one will perhaps serve you by renouncing some bad habit of which he may be very fond and which may not be materially harming him, but may be the ruin of you if you are to follow his example.

The story he told, was of Bishop Henry C. Potter, who became a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks in this way. I will let Bishop Potter tell the story in his own words. When a lady asked him at a dinner party why he refused the wine, he said:

"I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came constantly to see me, and told me how his miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a position, were compelled to dismiss him, because of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now,—Before God, and in His help, I never will taste liquor again?' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place, you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation: then an expression of hope over-spread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after, he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober but a godly man."

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The school at Marlboro is in excellent condition.

On a recent Sunday there were but twelve members of the Sunday school connected with the Shawmut Avenue School absent, not including the infant department. Two new classes of girls and one of boys have been recently formed.

The Sunday school at South Framingham is reported as alive and doing a good work.

The Universalist branch Sunday school of Swampscott observed its ninth anniversary on a recent Sunday afternoon.

The exercises consisted of addresses and songs and letters from former pastors, in which all were interested.

The attendance was unusually large, and the reports showed the school to be in a most flourishing condition.

VERMONT.

At East Montpelier the Sunday school is well attended.

For years the Sunday school has not been as large as it is now at Northfield.

The Sunday school in Rutland has just received a number of volumes for the library, the gift of Mrs. H. B. Parker of Newtonville.

In the report of the trustees of the Universalist society of Woodstock, we learn that there has been a large increase in the Sunday school.

NEW YORK.

The Sunday school at Buffalo recently observed the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. George A. Moore's connection with it as teacher and superintendent.

The exercises were of great interest and will hold an honored place in the history of the school.

Seven little girls, members of a class in the Sunday school at Middleport recently presented a beautiful baptismal bowl to the church. The money for it was earned by these little girls in work done by their hands for a fair which has been recently held.

CONNECTICUT.

The Sunday school in Meriden, the *Christian Leader* says, is accustomed to have whatever will contribute to its general prosperity. The recent addition of nearly five hundred volumes of new books makes the library over almost new, and adds an impetus and fresh interest to the school.

WISCONSIN.

The *Universalist* says, "The Sunday school at Monroe is large and well officered, which is prophetic of continued growth.

ILLINOIS.

The Sunday school at McHenry has been recently re-organized with excellent prospects for its future.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

279.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 4, 6, 15, 8 make honey.
My 1, 2, 3 is the All-father.
My 5, 6, 7, 7 is not more.
My 12, 13, 14, 15 is where we live.
My 9, 10, 11 is a pronoun.
My whole is a good motto. *Sadie F. Miles.*

280.—ANAGRAM.

Hte odLr si ogod ot lal dna ish tderen rmceise rea vroe lal shi okwsr. *Eugene Carrier.*

281.—ENIGMA.

I am composcd of 24 letters.
My 2, 21, 4, 5 is the opposite of more.
My 16, 8, 18, 19 we have in Summer.
My 11, 17, 22 is a beverage.
My 7, 13, 17, 14 is not shallow.
My 20, 15, 3 is color.
My 12, 22, 24 is worn on the head.
My 1, 6, 10, 23 is a strong drink.
My 9, 6, 7 is a color.
My whole is in Matthew. *Bertha.*

282.—ANAGRAM.

Verse het dLor twih dglaessn moce ferobe sih sperncee twih insggin. *Myrtie Daymon.*

283.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 2, 7, 1 is worn on the head.
My 11, 21, 22, 23 is a part of a house.
My 5, 6, 3, 17, 15, 18, 16 is a girl's name.
My 8, 20, 25 is a definite article.
My 27, 3, 13 is used in writing.
My 30, 31, 2, 29 is a boy's name.
My 9, 12, 14 is not to stand.
My 20, 28, 19 is a personal pronoun.
My 26, 29, 13, 10, 32 is to trouble.
My 24, 21, 4 is a beam of light.
My 5, 17, 15, 16, 14 is a banquet.
My whole is in the Bible. *Ida Branth.*

CONUNDRUMS.

I am a thing that nothing is,
And yet I have a name;
I join your sports, I join your walks,
And play at every game.
Your shadow.

What is that which can neither be heard, felt, touched, or smelt? Nothing.

What relation to the scraper is the door-mat?
Its step-father.

What flower would be the best to keep a secret in?
In *violet* (inviolate).

272.—ENIGMA.

The Lord is my shepherd.

273.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

God is our heavenly Father.

274.—ENIGMA.

Have patience.

275.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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276.—ANAGRAM.

A lying tongue hurteth those that are afflicted with it.

277.—ENIGMA.

Thou shalt not covet.

278.—ENIGMA.

A still tongue maketh a wise head.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Florence White, 4; Percival G. Barnard, 6; Rhoda St. Tenney, 3; Jessie B. Pierce, 6; Gracie L. Coffin, 5; Nellie Most, 2; Anna Ewell, 6; Jamie Allen, 4; Byrnie and Lula Ballin, 4; Bertha John, 5; Grace Homsher, 5; Willie O. Hanson, 5; Gracie E. Adams, 3; Kate D. Newell, 6; Cora A. Polk, 3; Harry and Rose Erdman, 3.

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